# Pretty Thing

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# Pretty Thing

by Wicked_commissions

Summary

Will goes looking for Hannibal in France and gets a tip he's in Monaco. There he mistakes Le Chiffre for Hannibal who doesn't take it lightly. Believing Will is a spy sent to kill him, he ties him up with the goal of getting information.

Notes

This was one of my favorite stories I've ever written. Both parts were so fun to write! Le Chiffre now owns this ass tbh

This story contains two chapters

See the end of the work for more notes

# Chapter 1

Will had no idea what he was searching for, or why. Why was he on a plane headed to Europe when a month ago he'd been an inch from death, gutted and bleeding out in Hannibal's kitchen? Why did he think it was a good idea to go searching for him? Was he aching for answers, for revenge, to apologize, or to demand an apology? Was he yearning to offer his forgiveness? He had no idea, but it felt right.

He landed in Paris which was the first place it had been rumored the infamous Hannibal Lecter had fled to, asking around and using his very limited knowledge of the French language to show around the one photo of him he had and ask if anyone had seen him.

No luck.

It had been a week and Will was losing hope he would find him, booking a return flight and having one last drink at the bar before heading to the airport. The bartender spoke fluent English so the conversation flowed easily.

"What brought you to France?" The bartender asked with a smile, refilling Will's wine glass.

"Looking for someone," Will took a sip of the Cabernet. "But it was a bust."

"I get a lot of patrons here," he replied. "Perhaps I can be of assistance? Do you have a photograph?"

Will grabbed the photo from his jacket pocket and tossed it flippantly onto the bar, the useless piece of paper it was.

The bartender grabbed it and placed his glasses hanging from a chain around his neck on the tip of his nose staring down at it.

"My my," he said. "I've seen him."

Will's eyebrows raised. "Really?"

"Oh yes," he said. "Wealthy man? Always wearing suits?"

"Yeah," Will said. "Yeah!" His voice raised at the end.

"I would bet my life he went to Monaco," he said.

"Monaco? Why Monaco?"

"Tournament this weekend," he said. "Poker."

Will laughed. Hannibal didn't strike him as the poker type.

“You’re sure it’s him?”

The bartender eyed the photo again. “Positive.”

So off to Monaco he went, canceling his flight and catching a train instead, determined to once again come face to face with the man who had changed everything.

Upon exiting the train he asked around the terminal where the “tournoi de poker” was taking place, repeating the words to everyone he saw. Everyone either ignored him, rolled their eyes at him or replied with scoffs, noses high in the air.

“Average Joe like you will not be allowed in,” a man finally said, stopping next to him looking Will up and down.

“What?”

“Your outfit is a mess,” the man said, his accent so thick Will could barely understand him. “You look…poor.”

Will wasn’t rich but he was far from poor. However, given the watch on the man’s wrist, compared to someone like that he was sure he looked like he belonged in a trash bin.

“Buy in to the tournament is five million dollars,” the man said.

“I was just hoping to watch,” Will said. “Maybe grab a bite to eat.” He smiled awkwardly.

“It’s not a McDonald’s,” he cackled. “Or a soup kitchen. Go back to America, animal.” He started to walk away.

“Please,” Will said grabbing the man’s bicep. The man was his only lead to finding the tournament. He turned and shot a look at Will so threatening if the supernatural were real Will would be turned to stone. “I’m looking for someone and I’ve been told he’s there. It’s urgent.”

“Get your filthy American hand off me,” he ripped his arm from Will’s grasp. He began shouting and ranting in French, advancing toward him. Will turned and walked away headed back to the ticket booth. It was no use, he’d wasted so much time already he may as well just go home.

“Are you looking for the tournament?” Will heard a meek voice from behind him. He turned to see a woman there, petite and pretty with long pin-straight black hair and brown eyes.

“I am,” Will said.

“I have a plus one,” she said. “You would be very handsome in a new suit.”

“You’re American?”

“I came all the way here for this, yes. I don’t want to show up alone. You don’t have to accompany me once we’re through the doors but I can get you in. I’m sorry how that man

treated you.”
“That wasn’t exactly new for me,” Will smiled.

“Come,” she said holding her hand out. “Let’s get you in and looking the part.”

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While they shopped Will told her the gist of why he was looking to get into the tournament. He left out the stabbing and the cannibalism but he told her about how he was looking for the man who’d ruined everything.

“Why are you so keen to find him then?” She said, sat on the chaise longue in the jacket room looking stunning in her yellow jeweled dress.

“I don’t know,” Will laughed doing up his tie.

“I’m not much of a psychology geek, but it sounds an awful lot like you have is a bit of Stockholm syndrome.”

Will sighed staring at himself in the mirror in a suit that cost twice as much as his annual income.

“Perhaps you’re right.”

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The casino was a sight to behold. Gorgeous and lit up, accentuated by the sunset. It was a gargantuan mansion right on the ocean made of white stone. The second the limo pulled up Will felt very out of his element. He was used to bars with questionable themes, jeans and flannels, not this. There was rich and then there was this, which only the elite could afford to experience.

Exiting the limo with the woman he’d come to know as Tabitha on his arm they made their way up to the front door. Tabitha had told Will all about her husband back home who was ignorant to her gambling habits. She spoke about how five-million was a drop in the bucket, such a small and insignificant number in comparison to their bank account the money could go missing and her husband wouldn’t even realize. Will couldn’t even fathom the amount of wealth he was about to walk in on.

At the door Tabitha flashed her secret invitation, a black dice with red numbers and was immediately granted entry. The doors opened and they walked in, Will almost gasped but held it in. The place was exquisite, diamond chandeliers hung from the ceiling, every piece of furniture was made of solid gold and people were walking around adorning jewelry that cost more than Beverly Hills houses.

“Okay,” Tabitha said. “There you go. I hope you find him.” She walked away so quickly Will didn’t have a chance to give his thanks.

Will was on his own now, a guppy in a sea of bass. He purveyed the place for hours looking right and left, up and down, table to table but couldn’t find him. He began to doubt he was

there at all and his heart was beginning to sink when he retreated to the bar. The drink menu was insanely expensive so he ordered the cheapest thing he could, Jim Beam over ice. He was savoring it, knowing this was the first and last time he would be around this amount of elegance in his lifetime.

"Nolet martini dry," Will heard a voice behind him say.

At first he didn't realize how familiar the voice sounded, taking a couple seconds to register before he was coughing on his whiskey and turning quickly to see a man standing there.

It was Hannibal. But…*what happened to his eye?*

Will stared unblinkingly at him. The man regarded him for a second before rolling his eyes and turning back to the bartender to accept his drink and walk away.

"Hannibal?" Will called after him.

The man continued his stride.

There was no way, the man looked as if he could be Hannibal's twin and to his knowledge he didn't have one. *It must be him.* Will got up and advanced after him. "Hannibal," he said grabbing his arm and turning the man to face him, causing him to spill a bit of his martini. The man stared down at Will, a menacing look in the one eye of his that wasn't clouded over.

"You just made me spill a one-hundred dollar sip of gin," the man said.

*How is he not recognizing me?* Will was so confused.

"I'm sorry," Will said. "I thought you were…"

"Le Chiffre," a tubby man appeared at the man's left. "The table is waiting to deal."

*Le Chiffre?*

"I'll be right there," the man said keeping his eyes on Will, sizing him up.

"You look so much like someone I know," Will said. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean…"

"Pay up," Le Chiffre said.

"What?"

"The one-hundred dollars of gin you spilt," he hissed. "Pay up."

Will had spilled barely more than a drop.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out some money, slapping in into the man's hand, staring down, ashamed.

The man pocketed the cash and turned away.

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Will fled, not wanting to be there anymore. He was never going to find Hannibal. The bartender in Paris must've recognized this other man, this...Le Chiffre. Hannibal was nowhere to be found. Will power-walked out the front door of the casino ripping the tie from around his neck as he picked up the pace.

He had no idea how he was going to get back to the train station, nothing but limos lining the driveway and none of them in his budget. He headed to the side of the mansion where there were some people that looked to be drivers. *Maybe they'll help me if I lie and say I lost my wallet*. Just then a pillowcase was thrown over Will's head and he was dragged into the alleyway. Will tried to scream but a hand was over his mouth. He could barely breathe in the pillowcase, thrashing and trying to get out of the attackers grasp but his limbs became weak and his mind was clearing. His hits became softer as he heard a man speak.

"I've got him," the stranger said into a phone.

Will passed out.

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"Wake up," Will heard, the voice sounding like it was coming from underwater. "Wake the fuck up," the voice was louder and clearer now. He felt his face being slapped and he opened his eyes slowly, his eyelids much too heavy to keep them open fully.

He tried to move and couldn't, remnants of chloroform still coursing through his system.

"Where am I?" His voice was soft and groggy.

"You're with me," Will heard Hannibal's voice. He looked around for it.

"Hannibal?" He sighed.

"Who is this Hannibal you're always talking about?"

Will found the speaker, it was Le Chiffre. He whined closing his eyes, not wanting to look at this man anymore. He was a reminder that he would probably never see Hannibal again, getting his hopes up the way he did.

"Are you going to hurt me?" Will said.

"Only in the best ways," Le Chiffre said kneeling next to him. He was still wearing the same all-black suit he'd been wearing at the Casino. "If you don't give me the information I require."

"What information?" His voice slurred. Will was getting his bearings back, feeling coming back to his body. He realized he was naked and tied to a chair, gasping and yanking his arm his eyes opened wide.

“Don’t play dumb,” Le Chiffre said standing back up. “You’re a spy, sent to confuse me. Aren’t you?” He cooed walking circles around Will’s chair, like a shark eyeing up a ripe piece of meat. “You were sent to throw me off my game so I would lose the tournament. Weren’t you?”

“No,” Will shook his head. “I don’t even know who you are. I thought you were my friend.” His chest tightened at the word.

“You’re a convincing liar,” Le Chiffre laughed, his teeth big and sharp.

“I’m not…” Will said. “I don’t know who you think I am, but I’m not a spy. I’m a professor, I live in Virginia, in America. I didn’t even know who you were before this.” He was rambling.

Le Chiffre shushed him, his hand stroking Will’s cheek.

“I don’t believe you,” he said.

Will let out a whimpering sob. “Please let me go.”

“Not until you tell me who you’re working for,” Le Chiffre said.

“I told you already,” Will said. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.” His eyes were watering and spilling over.

Le Chiffre smirked, staring down at Will’s cock, half hard. “You’re enjoying this aren’t you?”

Will’s cock was throbbing and he wished he could cross his legs and stop the one-eyed man from staring at his most intimate area but his legs were strapped to the chair. He was forcibly fully exposed.

Will shook his head and Le Chiffre caught him by the jaw in his large hand. “Look at me,” he whispered. “You’re enjoying this…aren’t you?” He could feel Will’s face blush beneath his fingertips.

Le Chiffre kept eye contact with Will as he spit in his own hand, reached for Will’s cock, encircled and began to tug softly. Will gasped and closed his eyes.

“Tell me who you’re working for and I’ll let you come,” he sighed.

Le Chiffre continued stroking and swirling his thumb around Will’s weeping tip. Will was whimpering at Le Chiffre’s touch but he didn’t open his eyes, focusing on not getting hard but it was impossible. It all felt so good. Le Chiffre’s soft voice was in his ear praising him for his pretty sounds. “Let me hear you,” he cooed. “Don’t be shy.”

“Stop, please,” Will whined.

Le Chiffre held his cock up vertically before dribbling spit onto the tip. The feeling caused Will to jump in his chair before Le Chiffre was using the added wetness to make his hand slide faster. “So hard for it, hmm?”

Will was fully hard, throbbing softly in Le Chiffre's grasp.

"I'm gunna c-"

Le Chiffre let go.

Will's eyes flew open staring up at Le Chiffre, his cheeks red to match his eyes swollen with tears. His bottom lip was quivering.

"I thought you wanted me to stop?" Le Chiffre grinned. "Or did you not want that?" He touched Will's face with his palm. "Did you want to come, sweetie?"

"Please."

"Please what?"

"Let me…"

Le Chiffre slapped Will across the face causing him to cry out.

He got an inch from Will's ear. "Tell me who sent you," he through gritted teeth.

"Nobody!"

Le Chiffre stood up and disappeared into another room of the garage before returning with something transparent and white in his hand. The closer he got the more Will could make out what it was. He was holding something else, a small purple gadget in his other hand.

"You wanna play?" He cooed. "We'll play."

He got on his knees in front of Will and held it up so he could see it, a silicone cock-ring with little vibrating bullets on either side. "Let's get this on you," he said, encircling Will's cock. He tried to move away from him but the back of the chair wasn't allowing him to retreat any further.

"No no, please," Will whined.

"Shh," Le Chiffre said, pressed his cock into it, it held snuggly around the bottom of the head. He pressed both buttons activating the bullets. Will gasped and bucked up causing Le Chiffre to chuckle.

"You're so sensitive," he said. "How long has it been since you've been touched this way? A while, hmm?" He held Will at the base and jiggled his cock causing the vibrating to shoot up and down his cock in circling waves.

"Oh my god," Will whined, trying to back out of Le Chiffre's grasp. The feeling was too intense.

"You're close again already?" He chuckled. "Pathetic."

He gauged him by his breathing, knowing when Will was close again before tugging the ring up and off his cock and retreating his hands, edging him for the second time.

Will had tears streaming down his cheeks, his chest heaving from loud sobs. “Please. Let me come, please.” He’d never experienced anything like this before. It was such an overwhelming physical feeling, he felt lightheaded like he was seconds from passing out.

Le Chiffre chuckled. His finger softly tracing him from base to tip causing Will to twitch. “Let’s give that a moment, shall we? Before we continue.”

“No more,” he shook his head.

“You’re so pretty when you cry,” Le Chiffre sighed, carding his fingers through Will’s sweaty curls, clutching at the root, yanking him back. “Pretty thing.”

He ghosted his lips over Will’s.

“Who is this Hannibal? Was he your boyfriend?”

Will shook his head. “He ruined my life.”

“Did he?”

Will nodded.

“You were looking for closure?”

Will realized why he’d come looking for Hannibal in the first place, that exact reason.

“Are you thinking about him when I’m touching you?” He ghosted the tip.

“No,” Will said.

“Are you thinking of a girl?”

“No.”

“Are you thinking about me?”

Will looked up at Le Chiffre, their eyes meeting for the longest they had thus far. He didn’t need to say anything.

“And here I thought my little accident would make me ugly,” he gestured to his own eye. “You really don’t know anything, do you?”

“No,” he shook his head. “My name is Will Graham. I don’t even know you.”

“You do now.”

He grabbed the white object he had come with earlier and sheathed Will’s cock inside in. Tiny silicone bristles stroked him all over as Le Chiffre moved the toy faster up and down

Will's cock.

"Come for me," Le Chiffre sighed. "Come for me, Will."

Will's thighs were twitching, his hips bucking up. He was so close. Just as Will was reaching the top, Le Chiffre yanked the toy off. Will whined but wasn't without stimulation for long before Le Chiffre's mouth was on him, taking him down his throat, his hand softly patting his balls at the same time.

Will whimpered, bucking up fucking Le Chiffre's mouth. "Oh my g…"

He came down Le Chiffre's throat, his head falling back and his entire body shaking. Le Chiffre's hands planted on his bare thighs holding him down as he continued to suck on him, lifting up and lapping at the head. He kissed and pat and praised him through his orgasm before sitting up on his knees and yanking Will's neck forward until their lips met.

Will didn't protest or pull back, allowing his tongue to move with Le Chiffre's, panting heavily into his mouth in between kisses.

Le Chiffre pulled back. "Look at me," he tugged Will's hair softly.

Will's glance dropped to Le Chiffre's lips back up to his eyes. He was strangely beautiful, one of his eyes resembling the moon and his other a bright brown almost hazel.

"You're mine," he said.

Will nodded. "I am."

# Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will has been living with Le Chiffre for four months and serves as his lucky charm.

Chapter Notes

I had so much fun writing this, thank you so much Delia72 for commissioning it! 💐

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been four months. Four long and exciting, eye-opening months for Will Graham. In that time he'd learned things about himself and his body he'd never known before, discovering all its nooks and crannies, what felt the best, what turned him on. Will had never known his body as well as he had before meeting Le Chiffre.

"You're my lucky charm," Le Chiffre would praise him, his cock lost between Will's lips upstairs in the room during the game intermission.

"That's it," he sighed, fucking up into his mouth and tugging on Will's curls at the base of his neck before coming down his throat. Will remained on his knees milking Le Chiffre's cock for more.

Le Chiffre tugged Will up to him so he was curled up on his lap, Will's face in his neck. Le Chiffre tried to hide it, embarrassment flushing his cheeks as he took a puff of his inhaler before hiding it back in his jacket pocket.

"You're gunna come down and watch me play right? I need you there."

"I get so anxious when I watch you play," His breath hot against Le Chiffre's neck, his hand playing at the nape of his neck twirling his finger in the short grey hairs there.

"I have an idea."

"Hmm?"

"Here let me," Le Chiffre moved Will off him so he could go to the bedroom and grab what he needed, tucking himself away as he did. He came back with a plug in his hand.

"My plug?"

“What if,” Le Chiffre said, pushing Will down onto the couch and tugging his pants and underwear down, signaling him to hold his legs to his chest. “You wear your plug while you watch me play. If I have a good hand, I’ll press the button and make it vibrate. That way you won’t have anxiety.” He coated the plug with lube and slipped it into Will easily.

Will bit his lip. “And then if you do win I’ll be all ready for you.”

Le Chiffre groaned in content. “Exactly.”

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During the game the player’s significant others usually sat at or around the bar to purvey the game without causing too much of a distraction. Will never made friends with the girlfriends, never trusting their intentions after Le Chiffre told him a few horror stories about spiked drinks.

The current tournament was taking place in Italy and it was an even more grandiose venue than in Monaco.

Will couldn’t take his eyes off Le Chiffre while he played. There was something so sexual and dominant about the way he handled himself at the poker table that drove Will wild.

It was down to the top three players, the girlfriends of the players were half their senior and glaring Will down, but he couldn’t care less. He was too busy staring at Le Chiffre.

The third man was out and now it was down to the top two. Le Chiffre caught Will’s eye, a smirk on his lips. He inched his finger beckoning him.

They didn’t typically show affection in front of others but Will was unable to contain himself when he was skipping across the marble tile to the raised platform and up next to him. “Give me a kiss for luck, baby.”

Will did just that but was worried about what others might think so it was just a peck. “You’re so shy,” Le Chiffre whispered, his thumb caressing Will’s cheek. “Give me a proper kiss.”

There were men all around and while some of them were busy and not paying attention Will knew that some were staring.

“Hey,” Le Chiffre said. “Ignore them.”

Will leaned in and captured Le Chiffre’s lips using a little tongue. They kissed for a few seconds, lost in their own bubble. Fuck the world.

Le Chiffre was the one that broke the kiss. “Go sit back down.” He kissed Will’s nose. “You still have your plug? Hmm?” Will nodded. “Good boy. Go sit back down.”

Will got off him and went to sit back at the bar table.

The game went by slowly, Will's heart pounding in his chest the whole time and harder still right up to the end. Le Chiffre snuck a peek at his cards and stared right back at his opponent, not making any telltale signs.

Just then Will felt the plug start vibrating softly inside him. It caught him off guard although he'd been hoping for it. He crossed his legs under the table, the vibration getting stronger. Will rocked back and forth in the bar stool in tiny minuscule movements causing it to hit his prostate in just the right way, teasing it. Le Chiffre's eye flickered over to him and saw what he was doing and an inkling of a smirk started at the side of his mouth before he was clearing it away.

"All in," Le Chiffre said.

His opponent did the same.

Will held his breath, still nervous that he may lose, but of course he didn't.

Will was smiling ear to ear as the chips were pushed into Le Chiffre's pile. Will caught Le Chiffre's eye, a cocky smile on his face.

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Back in the room Le Chiffre picked Will up, his legs easily wrapping around him. He reached around Will as they kissed blindly headed for the bedroom bumping into a wall or two on the way. He tapped with two fingers gently on the flat of Will's plug still vibrating inside him. Will bucked up and gasped into the kiss, the blunt taps sending shockwaves through his body.

Le Chiffre tossed Will onto the bed and fell on top of him quickly, kissing his neck and grinding their cocks together, both achingly hard.

"I told you, baby, you're my lucky charm."

"Fuck me, please." Will was panting.

Le Chiffre ripped open Will's button-up causing pearls to scatter everywhere. Will whined knowing how much that shirt cost, still in his poor mentality even after four months of living with his multi-millionaire boyfriend. But he didn't have much time to think about it before Le Chiffre was bending down to lick and suck on his nipple.

Will let out a gasp, his back arching up to his touch as Le Chiffre teased both buds. He joined him at the mouth again, their tongues moving freely together, unafraid of watchful eyes now, losing themselves to it.

Le Chiffre undressed himself and Will from the bottom down and ripped his own shirt open so the two of them were nude except for their torn shirts. Their cocks now without barrier sliding against each other, could feel the other's throbbing.

Le Chiffre pulled back from the kiss and sat up scrambling for his discarded pants to retrieve his inhaler, hanging off the side of the bed away from Will's eyes to take a few puffs. When

he came back Will held his face in his hands. “Don’t be ashamed of that,” he rubbed his thumbs over Le Chiffre’s cheeks.

“I don’t want you to see me like that,” Le Chiffre said. “…Weak.”

“You’re not weak,” he said before kissing him in a peck. “Grab it, put it on the bedside table and if you need it, please use it. Okay?”

Le Chiffre nodded and complied, taking a second to slick himself with lube before turning to Will and ravaging him again. Laying on his side he lifted Will’s leg and tapped on the plug again. Will writhed and whimpered at the sensation, one he could never tire of. His cock twitched.

“Pull it out,” Will sighed. “Want to feel you.”

Le Chiffre tugged the plug out and tossed it onto the bed before pressing in. Le Chiffre marveled at the way Will looked every time he slid in. So lost in himself, like he was in another time all together, lip-quivering and debauched, a sweaty clavicle and his breath slow and steady as he’d been taught to keep it.

“I can’t believe you’re mine,” Le Chiffre sighed, pressing a kiss to Will’s lips. He was in Will fully.

Will gasped when he felt Le Chiffre’s body touch his, knowing he was taking it all. It felt so raunchy.

“Hard,” Will sighed, sounding half awake but fully in the moment. “Hard tonight.”

Le Chiffre smirked, retreating his hips and snapping them back quickly fucking into Will. Will clambered for his back, nails scratching the black shirt but still leaving a mark on the skin.

He did it again this time in quick succession, pounding Will into the mattress below them. The headboard was slamming the wall again and again.

Will was sobbing, his eyes closed, so lost in pleasure. Le Chiffre kissed Will’s tears away as they fell, taking his time to play their tongues together every now and then.

Le Chiffre leaned for his inhaler again, using it while continuing to fuck, not losing any momentum. Will opened his eyes and saw Le Chiffre’s cloudy eye was beginning to bleed. He’d only seen it a few times before. A bead of shiny red blood was gathering in the corner of his tear duct and was beginning to stream down next to his nose.

Will pulled Le Chiffre down to him and licked the blood tear away, his tongue gliding delicately from the inside of his nose up to his eye, trying to be careful, worried he might be hurting him.

“Will,” Le Chiffre sighed. He grabbed him in a kiss, his hips getting faster and was coming inside, groaning against Will’s whimpering lips. His hand wrapping around Will’s cock

teasing the slit to help him come at the same time. Their noises fed one other's, Will spurted in Le Chiffre's grasp and all over his chest.

Le Chiffre collapsed on top of him, his face in Will's neck continuing to move his hips lackadaisically into him, could feel his come dribbling out of Will around his cock.

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Le Chiffre cleaned them both up with a wet wash rag before joining Will under the sheets to hold him, both of them now completely naked.

Will laid his head on Le Chiffre's chest listening to his heartbeat. After everything that had happened with Hannibal and his old life, he knew this was where it was meant to bring him. There was a reason why Will had developed a very subdued crush on Hannibal, it was because he looked like the person he was meant to be with. This was where he was meant to end up all along, with Le Chiffre.

Will jumped softly when he felt a finger along his abdomen tracing over his scar.

"Did he do this to you?"

Will looked down at the scene watching Le Chiffre's finger touching where Hannibal had gutted him five months prior. Will nodded. "Yeah."

"I'm gunna kill him," Le Chiffre said.

"Don't," Will said. "Please don't. Just let it go." Suddenly very worried about losing Le Chiffre. He knew in a battle Hannibal would be the one to win.

"I can't just let it go," he said. "He almost killed you."

"It was before we met," Will said. "If he'd killed me we never would've. It's in the past. Please." He didn't want to mention how crazy Hannibal was or how dangerous. Le Chiffre knew nothing about the cannibalism and Will didn't want to bring it up. Worried it would pique Le Chiffre's interest and use it as fire behind a big game.

"Promise me," Will said, grabbing Le Chiffre's hand touching him. He looked into his eyes. "You won't go after him."

Le Chiffre looked Will's face up and down, in awe of how beautiful he was.

"I promise."

Will kissed him.

Chapter End Notes

This story is continued on my main AO3 “EmeraldTrident” starting with “If I say something, I mean it” :)

End Notes

If you liked it, please leave feedback!

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